EASY COME EASY BLOW

$10.

NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS

BLOW HARD, COME FAST

Nothing seemed to have gone right for Bill that day. First off, there was that pop-quiz in American history. He hadn't bothered to study the day before. It probably wouldn't have done any good anyway. History, all history, had always been his worst subject. But that particular quiz had really been rough. He was just sure that his teacher, Mr. Phillips, hated athletes. At least, he thought so until after the test. Mr. Phillips had asked Bill to stay after class. Much to the boy's surprise, the teacher had turned out to be very concerned about Bill and his future.

The teacher sat Bill down and, since neither had a class next hour, had a long talk with him. It mostly concerned itself with involvement. Mr. Phillips told Bill that he'd seen him playing basketball and felt very sure that the college had made a very good decision in offering him that very generous scholarship to play ball there.

Bill was happy to hear that. He'd thought long and hard before accepting the offer. True, it was the only scholarship offer he'd had. Still, the young ball player wasn't all that sure he shouldn't have gone to some larger, flashier school, like UCLA, on his own and tried to make a name for himself in big league college basketball. Finally, though, he had decided on this smaller school. Actually, the scholarship was made sweeter and sweeter until, at last, Bill would have been a complete fool to refuse it. Anyway, it did have its advantages. He knew that he could be easily the most important player on the team. The school had a very good reputation in the sport. He could make something of a name for himself in the school during his freshman year.

That would make him look even better, nationally. Besides ... there was his lifelong dream, he'd be an instant celebrity, truly a big man on campus!

Bill suddenly looked up. Mr. Phillips' direct gaze was leveled at him. The teacher cleared his throat and began what he referred to as the "heavy" part of their little talk. Bill couldn't believe his ears. Phillips was actually telling him that his problem was a lack of involvement and that it showed not only in his school work but his ball playing, as well! The teacher paused, letting all this sink in, then continued in very somber tones. Bill could feel a knot forming in the pit of his stomach, as his teacher very carefully laid out the facts for him. It was all quite simple. Unless he, Bill, started cracking the books and concentrating, he'd fail. If he failed he couldn't play ball, of course. And, no ball playing, on scholarship. It was just that simple. Bill's mouth fell open. It was a possibility he'd never considered. He tried to remain calm on the outside but his insides were

Continued on Page 5

screaming, "NO! NO! NO!" After a slight pause Mr. Phillips smiled at him.

"Bill . . . look. I think you've got it in you, both as a ball player and as a student. It's just that you need a little help. I've arranged for one of my best students to . . . well . . . sort of tutor you a bit. I know you'll find him very helpful. He's going to call you tonight about where, when and the like. If I were you I'd get to it as soon as possible!"

Bill managed to mumble out a thank you and drug himself out of the classroom and back to the nice apartment the school furnished for him.

"GODDAMN!"

Bill sent the history book flying across the room. This was about all he could take. First, failing the test and now some guy was going

Continued on Page 6

to come over and hand-hold him through history. The kid had just called to set up a time. Bill had told him they might as well get on with it, saying to come on over. Bill supposed he'd turn out to be some kind of rabbit with glasses, or something. As if all that weren't enough, his stereo had stopped working. He just couldn't study without music in the background.

Then the doorbell went off. Bill stopped fiddling with the knobs on the record player and bounded over to answer it. It just had to be the tutor. Bill had suggested they study at the apartment. After all, the school was paying for it, so they may as well get some use out of it. He jerked the door open. Bill was totally stunned. There, in the doorway, stood Paul Lawrence. Paul was exactly what he'd always dreamed of being, a top athlete, well liked and president of the class. In a word, the big man on campus! Lawrence had more than managed to make a name for himself in this little school. He'd put the college on the map as far as swimming was concerned. He'd been recognized as one of the state's top all-around swimming stars, attracting national attention, and was a sure bet for the next Olympics. Bill managed to finally find his voice.

"WOW . . . hey . . . come on in, man. Say . . . I sure wasn't expecting YOU!"

"Thanks. I must admit, I do pretty well with my grades. I'm happy to know that at least my brain isn't waterlogged yet!"

They both chuckled over his little joke. Bill invited him in, apologizing for not having any music. Paul learned about the stereo, then asked Bill to let him take a look at it. Paul confided that he, too, studied better with music. After only a couple of seconds he had it working again. Paul hopped

Continued on Page 8

up with a big grin on his face.

"There! Now . . . we can start with the history. I hear you got Phillips' old familiar lecture! I know it well . . . 'GET INVOLVED!' Right?"

Bill laughed. To the opening strains of the Moody Blues they started the history lesson. Bill sat on one side of the room on his favorite stool and Paul sat on a chair facing him. Paul started with a quick quiz, firing questions thick and fast. Bill did manage to keep up pretty well for a while, surprised at how much he'd retained from the class. Then, the old tension, and he began missing more and more. Finally, with a sigh, Paul told him to look a few answers up in the book, hoping seeing them would help him remember. Bill was so confused that he even had trouble locating the right section of the book. Finally, Paul jumped up and walked over to where Bill was sitting with the open book in his lap.

Paul picked the book up, flipped over a few pages, found the section and rested the book back in Bill's lap. The back of his hand lay firmly on top of Bill's big cock. The young ball player was jolted by the shock. He was afraid to say anything, not sure if Paul knew he was touching his dick or not. Paul moved the back of his hand over the big piece of fuck meat. Bill let out a slight moan. He felt a flush rising in his face. He knew unless Paul moved his hand quickly, he was going to get a roaring hard-on. He could already feel it growing and stiffening in his pants. Bill didn't really want Paul to move his hand. It was a dream of his, having some good-looking young athlete feel him up. Bill was really hot to make it with some young stud, anyway. He hadn't done anything except jack-off since school started.

His big tool was totally hard now, throbbing in his pants. Paul, instead of moving his hand, pressed down even harder on the big, stiff cock. Suddenly, he dropped the book and turned his hand over, taking the big, hard fuck tool in his fist right through Bill's pants. He got a hard, firm

grip on it and squeezed. Bill gasped, sagging on the stool. His eyes closed. He finally recovered his senses and looked straight into the young swimmer's eyes. Paul smiled, before moving in closer to the ball player and whispering hotly in his ear.

"Hey . . . buddy . . . I think we've had enough past history. Let's get involved in a little current history. Phillips said that you problem was that you weren't involved, anyway. Now . . . let's see if you can get involved in THIS!"

Paul dropped to his knees, unzipped Bill's pants and pulled out the huge, stiff prick. He slid his warm, wet mouth all the way down its quivering length, right to Bill's stomach. Bill thrust his hips forward to sink his prick in Paul's mouth as far as it would go. Paul really was giving the big, demanding tool a full workout. Bill took it as long as he could before he jumped up, shoving Paul away. He was in training and it had been over two weeks since he'd gotten his rocks off at all. He begged Paul not to make him cum yet. He wanted to make it last as long as possible.

Bill stood smiling at Paul before running his hands over the supple

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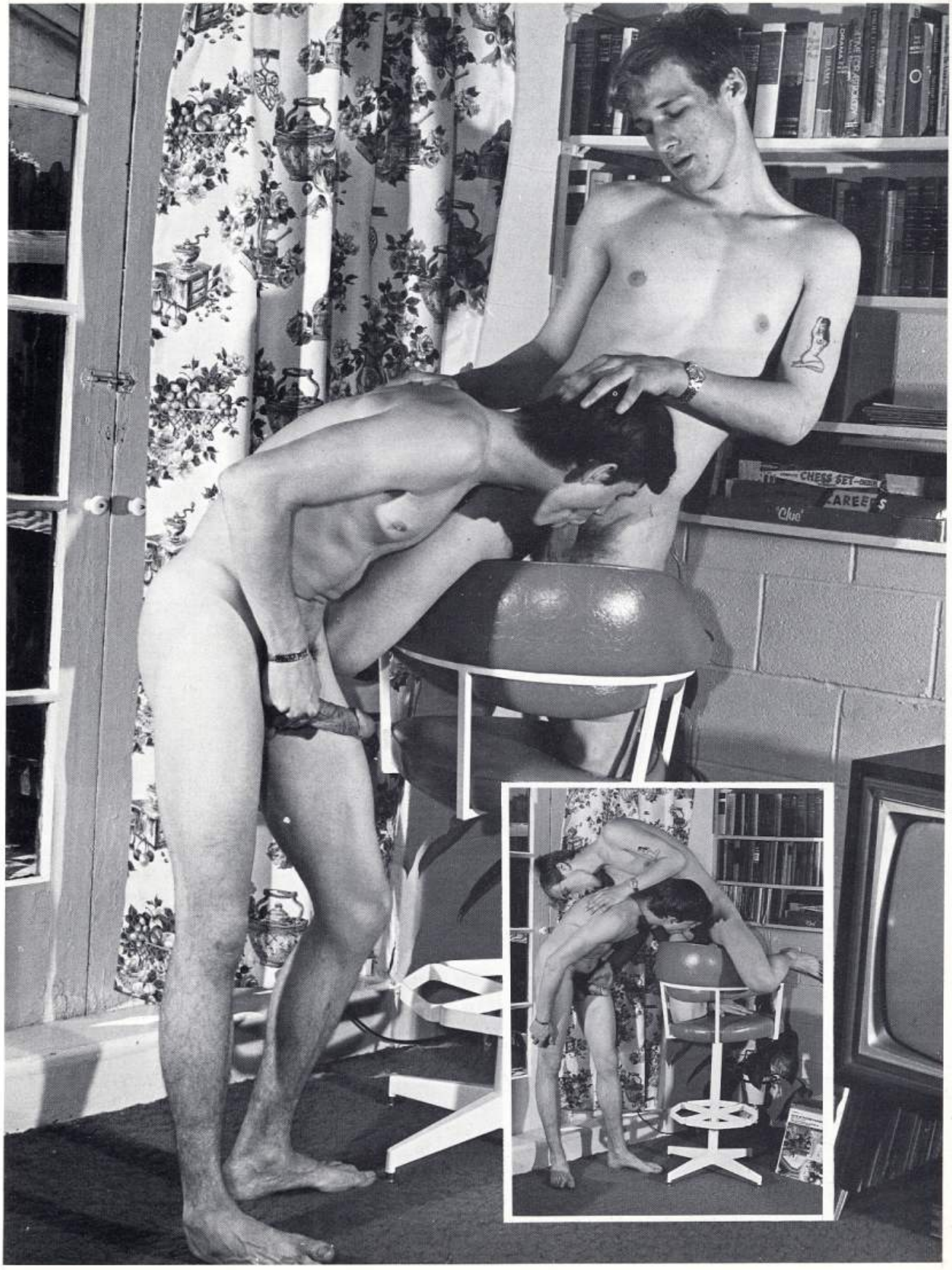
DAYS OF FUTURE PASSED


CHESS SET
Clue

young body. Paul groaned and sighed out a "Yes" filled with lust. Bill quickly kicked off his own clothes, then slowly, tantalizingly undressed Paul. He worked his way down to the swimmer's tight-fitting jockey shorts. The big dick held in by the white shorts sprang out under the tight leg opening. Bill quickly took it deep in his mouth. Paul groaned and humped forward, driving his fuck tool deep in the hot, passionate mouth. Now it was Bill's turn to push Paul back on the stool and go to work on him. It was Paul who had to finally break away, this time.

"OOOoooHHHhhh ... I'm ready, too, Bill ... Really READY! I don't want to cum yet either. I'm almost ready to shoot and when I do I want to blast deep in your tight asshole. I really want to unload in that cute ass of yours, man!"

"OH ... hey ... I don't think I can take it ... it's just too big. Besides I've only tried a couple of times and it hurt like hell!"

"At least give it a try ... I'm so hot for you ... I'll help you and go real easy."

Bill was so turned on that he finally, reluctantly, agreed. Paul made him kneel on the stool. He jammed his tongue in Bill's tight bunghole, to help him relax. Bill did have to admit that tongue really felt great. He shoved his hips back, trying to help get it in further. That buzzing, wild sensation in his asshole only worked a while, though. When Paul stood up over him and tried to shove that huge, hard cock in him, Bill cried out in pain. That huge rammer was just more than Bill could take in his tight little hole. The pain was unlike anything he'd experienced before. Bill kept trying, because he wanted Paul so badly. Paul tried his best, too, but finally just had to give up. He was just too big for Bill.

Bill jumped up off the stool and

Continued on Page 15

lay back down on the couch, still groaning with the pain of insertion. He apologized to Paul for not being able to take the big cock. Paul followed, apologizing to him for the pain. They were both still very turned on. The incomplete attempt at fucking hadn't managed to take the edge off their sex heat. Paul ran his hands over the young ball player's naked body and the lust overtook them again. Bill clutched Paul's still demanding cock in his fist.

Paul panted and drove it back and forth between the tightly clenched fingers. Both of them knew they were going to blast soon. Paul quickly swung around so he was facing Bill's cock. He took the hot, throbbing tool in his throat as Bill did the same to his engorged rod. Their mouths raced furiously, trying to catch the lust that screamed in their bodies.

Bill felt the old, familiar, telltale tingle start in his balls. He stopped his mouth action, groaning, and grabbed Paul by the back of the head.

"NOW . . . now . . . nowww . . . get ready . . . I'm going to shooot. . . ."

Paul had already felt the trembling and knew how close the other boy was. He pulled the forcing hands off his head. He began pleading with Paul.

"FUCK ME . . . please . . . oh, please . . . shove that big, hard, hot dick in my guts . . . unload in my asshole . . . PLEASE . . . FUCK ME . . . NOW!"

Bill leaped on the young swimmer. Without pausing to even spit on his ready to spurt cock, he shoved it, hard and fast, straight home. Paul screamed out in a mixture of pain and lust, thrashing under the weight of the boy on top and the ass filling thrusts of the big hard cock. He humped forward, letting it pull completely out of his butt, then jammed his hips back trying to get it back in. Instead, it slid up his crack. That

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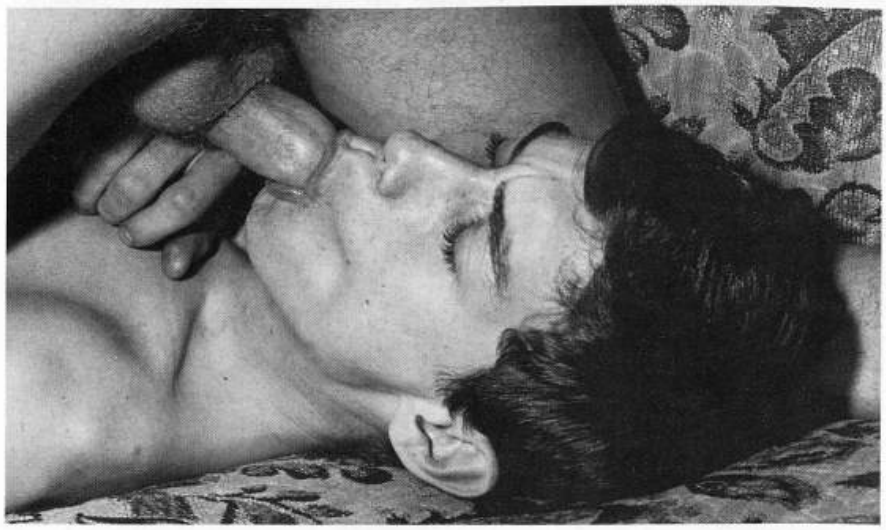


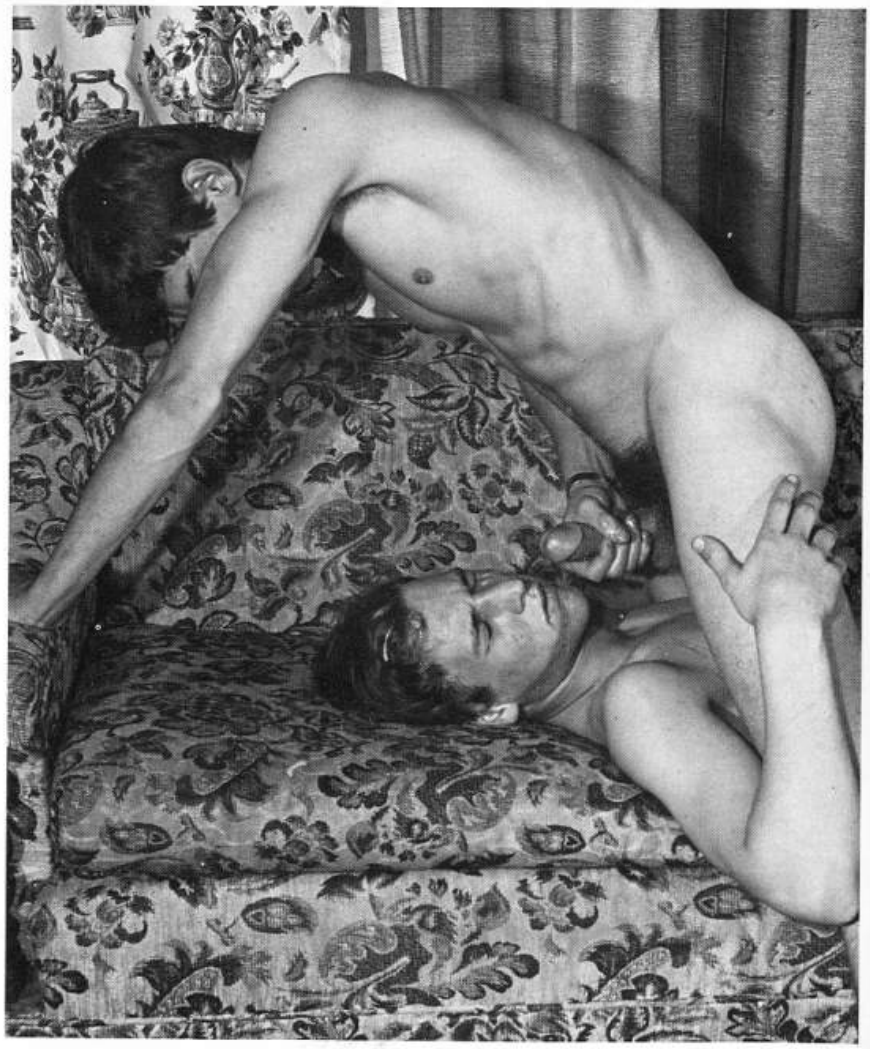
hard slide caused Bill's nuts to snap and he shot his hot, slick load of sticky, wet cum all over Paul's back. The rivers of heat started Paul's balls churning. He grabbed Bill, groaning.

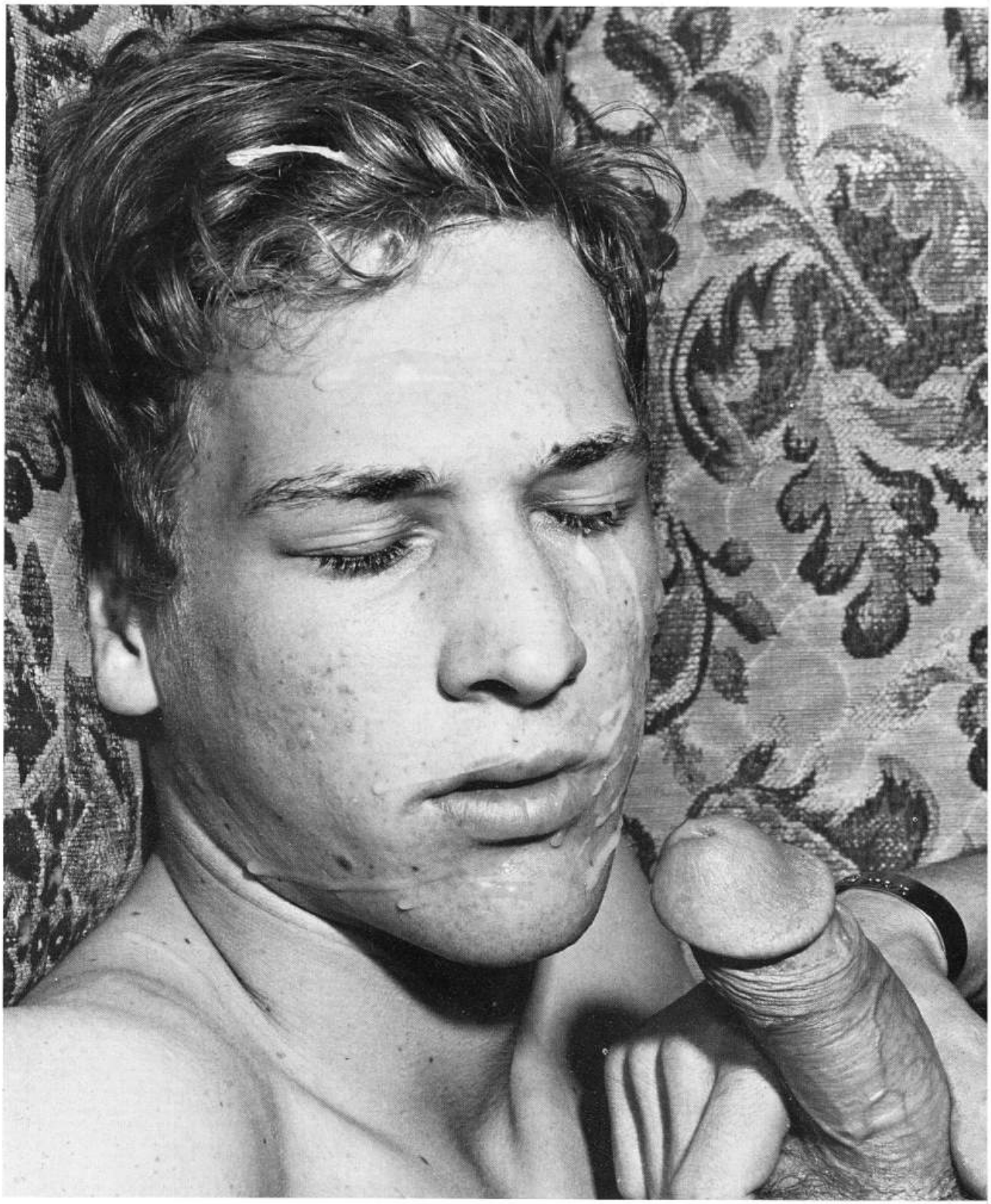
"ME . . . me . . . me . . . too . . . RIGHT NOW . . . I'm . . . I'M CUUUMMMINNNG. . . ."

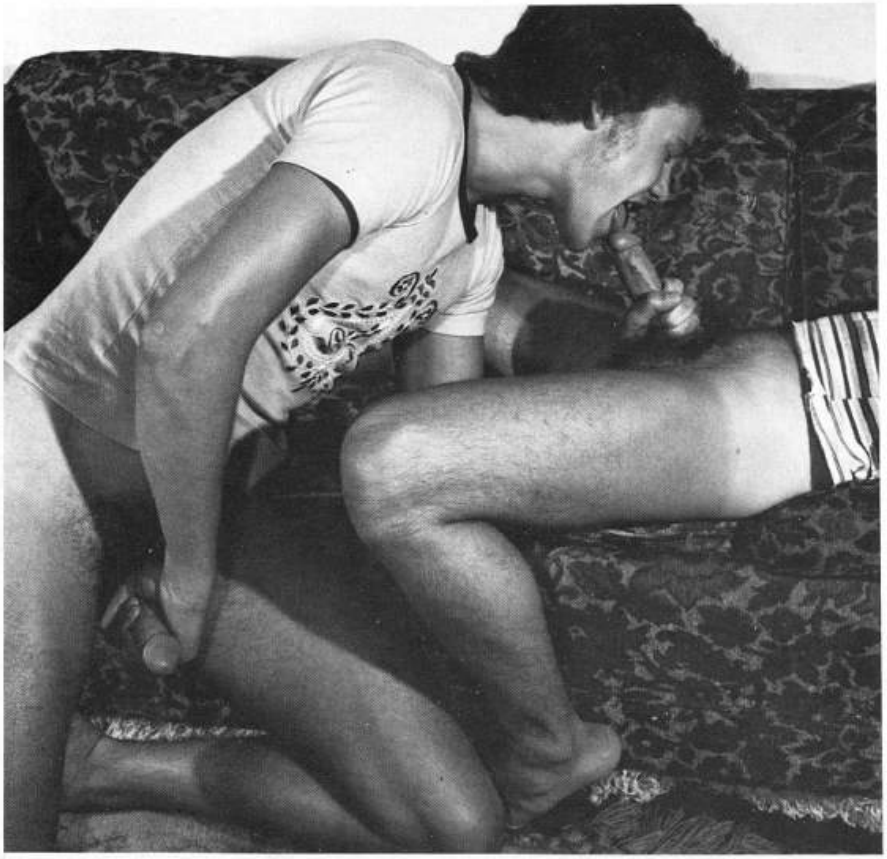
Bill quickly rolled over and, grabbing Paul by the waist, tried to get that huge spurting cock in his mouth. He didn't quite make it in time and a huge slick volley of spunk shot out all over his upturned face. It ran in hot, wet streams down his neck and over his lips. He pushed out his tongue to take a little in his mouth.

They lay together on the couch, panting. Finally, Paul spoke, after he'd pulled Bill to him and kissed him tenderly on the lips. He even got a little of his own jizz in his mouth.

"Well . . . so that's how I taste . . . I'd always wondered! You know . . . Mr. Phillips was right. He said you needed to get involved. BUT . . . I'll sure bet he didn't guess it would be like . . . well . . . what the hell! At least you're INVOLVED now, right?!"







COME BLOW ME

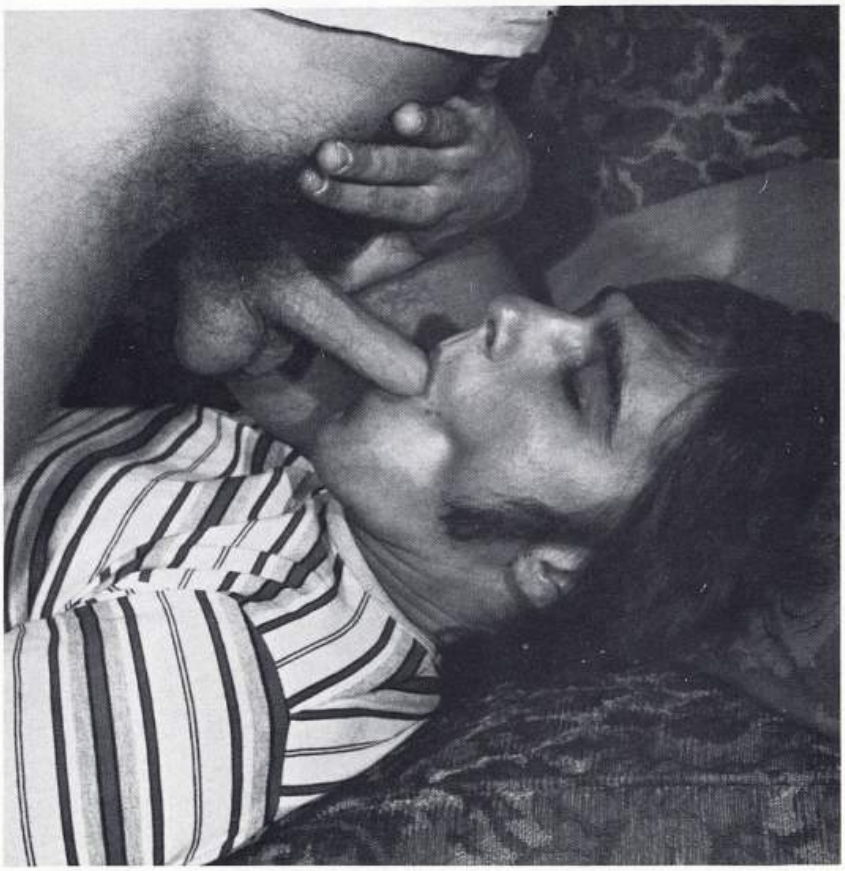
Jon just had to look at the picture one more time. His prick was throbbing in his tightly clenched fist. He gave it a few hard, slow, full-shaft strokes. The rigid, red mushroom head glowed with heat like it was on fire. He knew he'd better lay off for a while. He was ready to shoot at any second. Jon practically had to tear his hand away. That picture of the beautiful dark young Adonis in the fuck book he'd just bought kept pulling him back. Jon ordinarily wasn't even interested in pictures like this. He happened to flip casually through this one when he went into the local bookstore to pick up a TV Guide. It was very convenient, even adult bookstores carried them and there was just such a bookshop on the corner from Jon's apartment building.

Jon wasn't ready for what he saw in the book. He'd never seen a boy so beautiful, exactly his type! He stopped cold. He began to tremble. His cock sprang up almost at once in his pants, pressing against the tight fabric. Jon still

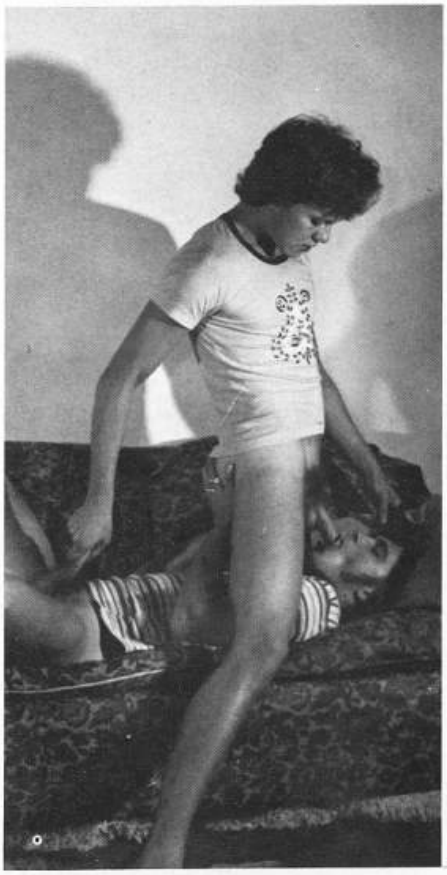
Continued on Page 29

couldn't believe he was getting this turned on by a book. It had never happened before, at least not like this. He had seen pictures of guys he thought were cute but this was a total sexual experience by itself! He quickly added it to the TV Guide and bought them both.

He got back to his apartment and ripped open the sack, tossing the other magazine aside. Now, he



was sitting alone with a book of pictures of the most perfect person he'd ever seen. Those strange sensations were racing through him. It was like he wasn't alone. The color pictures of his dream boy seemed just too real. He closed his eyes and let his fist slide down the shaft of his rigid prick again. He was really ready. He took another quick look to burn the vision of his paper lover in his



brain. He was ready to shoot now. His mind's eye saw the perfect, beautiful boy coming closer and closer, that gleaming muscular body was almost close enough to touch.

Jon wanted it, he wanted it to come closer so he could reach out and stroke that glorious, hard prick. He wanted to take it in his hand and move the skin back and forth until it shot out its white, sticky, hot love. The boy in his head looked like he was getting that close but Jon still couldn't reach him. Jon was moving his hand faster and faster up and down his own hard dick. His own cum was bubbling up in his balls like liquid fire. He couldn't hold off any longer. He had to cut it loose. It was just starting. Any second now he'd spurt out his hot load all over himself. Any second now!

The doorbell suddenly jangled, startling his jizz right back down his cum tube and right back into his aching balls. For a fast second he thought about not even answering it, continue jacking-off, pop his nuts and pretend he wasn't even home. The bell loudly insisted, however, again and again. Jon grumbled and stuffed the drooling cock back in his pants. He hobbled to the door, trying to hold the stiff prick down in his tight pant leg with his hand. He got to the door and, without opening it, yelled out, "What is it? What do you want?"

"I'm from building maintenance, downstairs."

Jon whipped the door open with a swift jerk. He nearly sank right through the floor. His cock thudded against his leg, dripping its love juice in big drools down all over the front of his pants. There he stood! RIGHT THERE! There in his own doorway was his dream boy!! It was the same one! It was exactly the same boy in the fuck book he'd just bought. AND . . .

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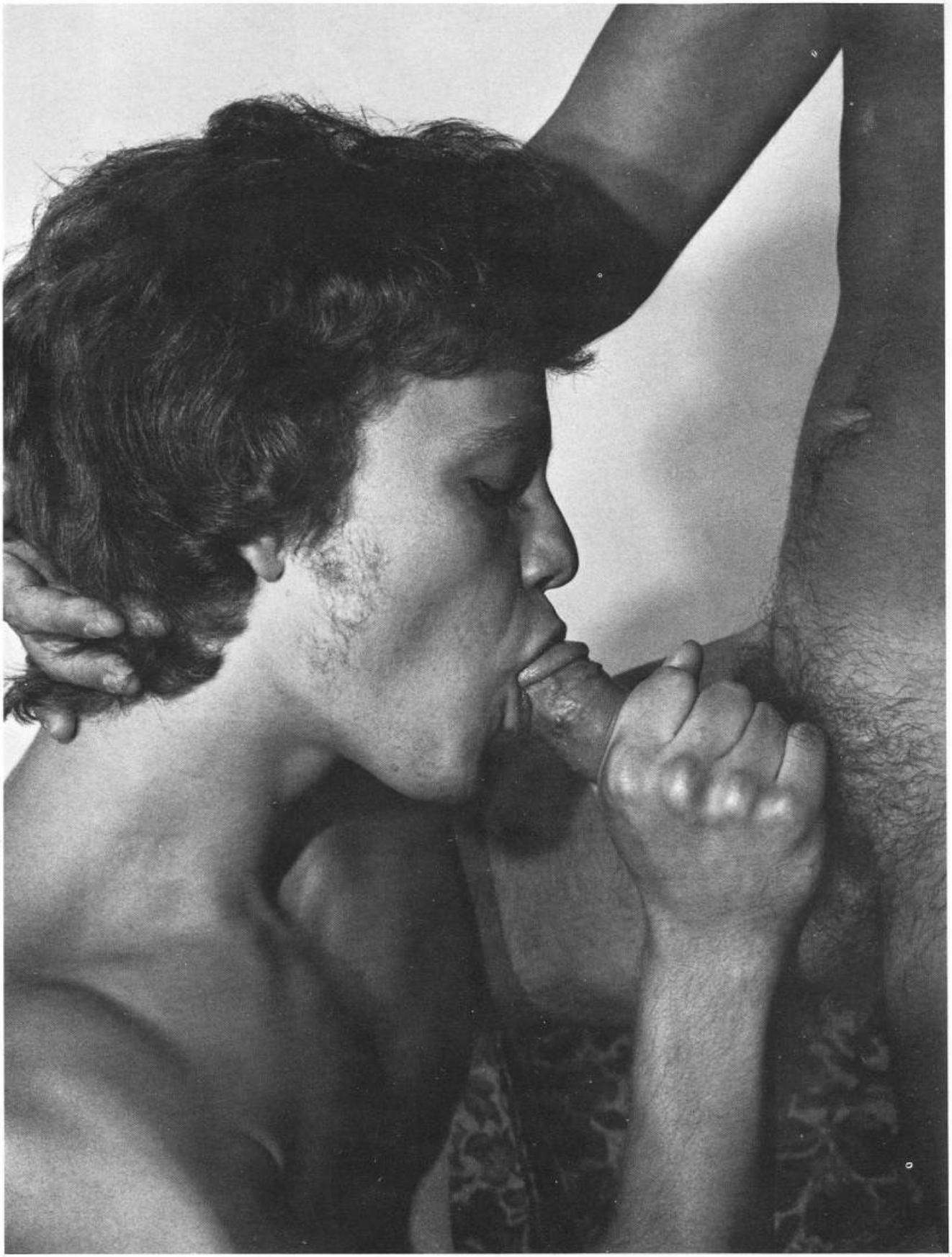

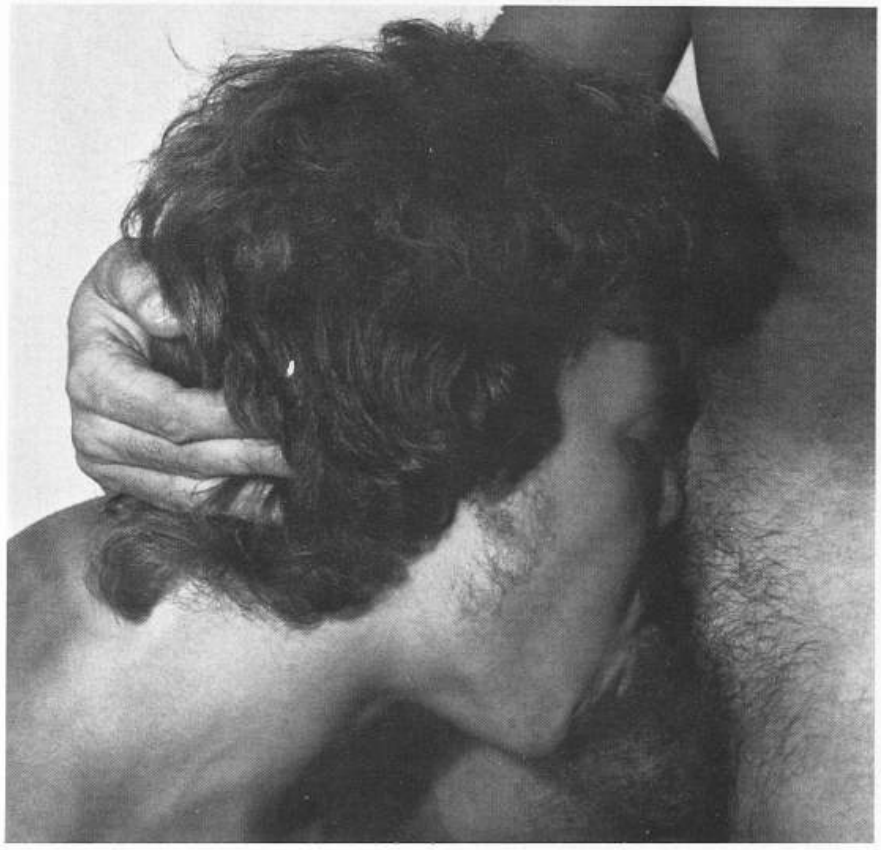

he worked right here in Jon's building! Jon could hardly breathe. His heart was racing. His throat went so dry he was just sure he wouldn't be able to speak. Finally, he barely squeaked out a question.

"Ummm . . . uhhh . . . HELLO . . . I mean . . . uhg . . . can . . . can I help you . . . or . . . er . . . what can I do to . . . uh . . . for you?"

A brilliant smile lit up the young man's face. Jon felt his knees sag.

"Hi there. I'm Paul and you called the maintenance office about some trouble with your bathroom light."

He stood, waiting. There was no reply from Jon. He smiled and started all over again. Jon finally snapped to.

"Oh . . . yes . . . so I did! What did . . . oh . . . but . . . where's the other guy? Are you new?"

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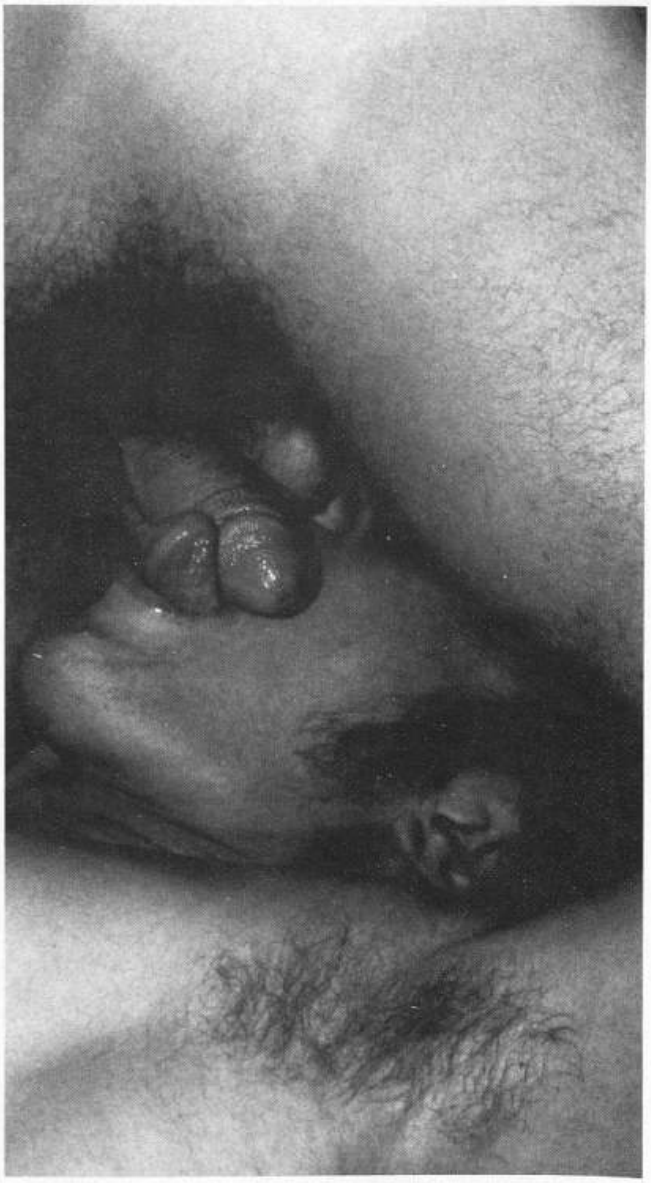


"Sure am. I just started this week."

"Oh, I . . . see. WELL . . . well . . . hi there, I'm Jon."

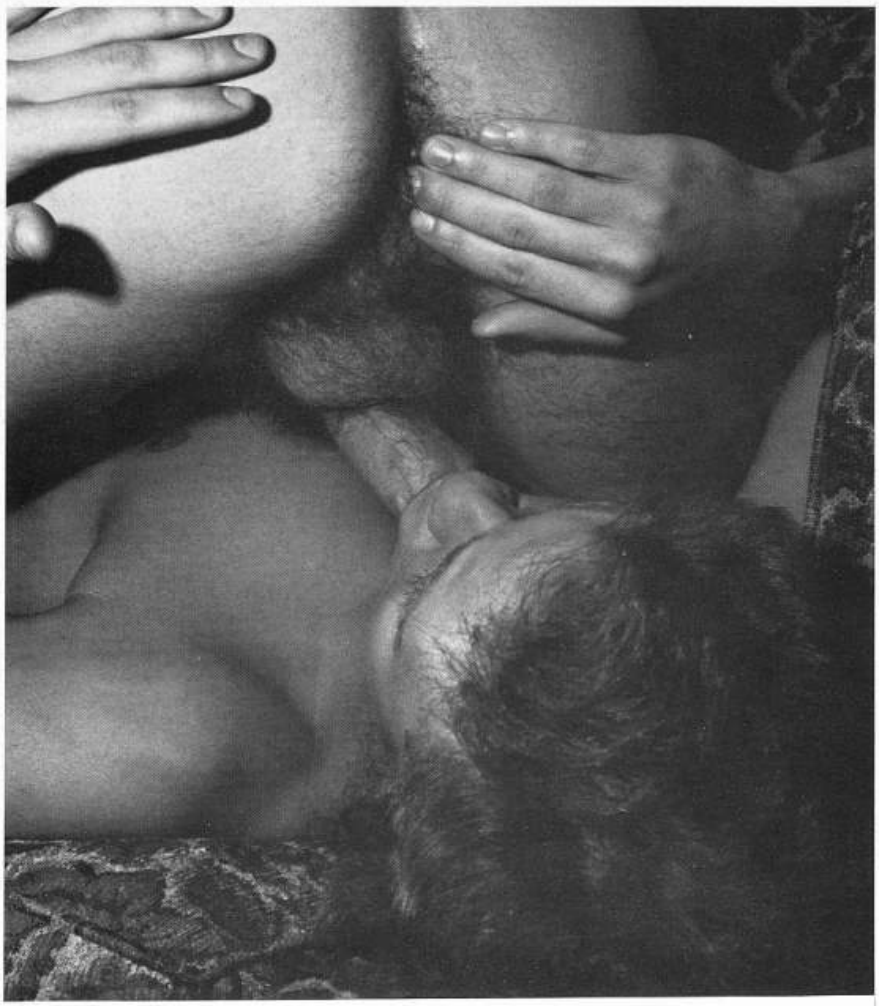
Another bright, amused smile.

"Pleased to meet you. Again, I'm Paul. Again, about that light."

"Oh yes. I'm sorry . . . I'd completely forgotten that light. Let's see . . . the bathroom is right through there. The light just goes on and off all by itself. Yeah . . . that way. You don't even have to touch the switch. . . ."

Paul shot Jon back a final smile before disappearing into the bathroom leaving Jon dribbling out his last few words. Jon stayed rooted to the spot, almost unable to speak or move. He summoned up all his concentration to snap himself out of his stupor. He started after Paul, calling out, "Can I . . . uhhh . . . can I help you at all?"

"NO . . . thanks a lot . . . I can manage."



"Oh . . . okay . . . sure."

Jon, deflated slightly, returned to the couch, sagging down on it. He still just couldn't believe it. He sat on the fuck book he'd tossed down when the doorbell rang. He quickly grabbed it up and stuffed it under one of the couch pillows. Just in time, too. Paul walked back into the room.

"Now . . . that wasn't too bad. It's a short in the switch. I'll have to pick up a new one and install it tomorrow. Okay?"

"YEAH . . . sure . . . that's fine. Thanks."

"You're welcome. See you in the morning."

"Yeah . . . sure . . . see you in the morning."

One more bright smile and he was gone. Jon could only sit there. He made sure he heard the door close firmly before pulling the magazine out from under the pillow. He pulled his pants open so fast he tore the zipper. His hard, ready cock sprang out, demanding release. He quickly clenched his fist around it, working it up and down as fast as he could. He stared at a full-color picture of the beautiful Paul shooting a big hot load of cum all over himself. Jon closed his eyes, clenched his teeth and, dropping his head back, tensed himself against the sofa, ready to shoot off. He was grunting, calling out, "Paul . . . Paul . . . Paul," in low, lust-filled tones.

Someone, not more than a couple of feet away, cleared his throat. Jon froze. He looked up. There standing right over him was the boy whose name he'd been calling out. All he could do was smile a sick, sheepish smile at the maintenance man. Paul just continued to stand there staring. He looked confused. Finally, he tried to quickly explain.

"Look . . . wow, man, I'm really sorry . . . I just came back to tell you not to use that switch

Continued on Page 40

until I fixed it. I just thought. . . ."

Jon broke in.

"Hey . . . you have to understand . . . I've really been horny all day, so I just. . . ."

They ended up explaining at the same time. Then, one long look at each other and they broke into a big, hearty laugh. Paul was quick to assure Jon that he, too, jacked-off a lot, and that it sure wasn't anything to be ashamed of. He slyly added that he would a lot rather be taken care of by someone else, though. Jon looked up and realized that Paul was stroking his own hard prick through his Levi's. It was poking out, throbbing against the material. He gave it a hard squeeze through his pants. Jon's jaw dropped open at the thought of seeing that huge, hard, beautiful cock in the flesh. Paul sat next to him on the couch, still massaging his stiff fuck rod through his pants. He picked up the fuck book. His mouth fell open and he shot a quick, hard look at Jon.

"You . . . knew! When I first came in here! YOU KNEW . . . THEN!"

Jon dropped his eyes. He could only nod out a yes. Suddenly, Paul broke into a big, friendly laugh.

"Hell . . . no wonder you were so turned on! I was so fuckin' hot when we did these pictures I shot off three times without pausing! Say . . . look . . . I still get turned on just looking at them and remembering!"

With a quick move Paul unzipped his Levi's and pulled out his big stiffer. He ran his hand down it, moaning. Jon scooted over closer so he could get a better look at that cock in the flesh. Paul closed his hand around it and moaned again.

"UUUHHHGGG . . . I'm ready to cum RIGHT NOW! You wanna

Continued on Page 42

then pressed him back down to the drooling cock. Jon quickly slipped to his knees on the floor. He kicked off his own pants and practically tore off Paul's Levi's, immediately going to work on the throbbing rod in front of his hungry, wanting eyes. Jon could tell Paul was close. The big dick was vibrating against his tongue.

Paul abruptly pushed him back, telling Jon he didn't want to cum yet. He grabbed Jon up by the waist, aiming Jon's own drooling cock at his open mouth. Paul took it in, working in long, hard strokes. Jon was just too close, still, and stopped him after only a few deep sucks. They decided to rest and make it last as long as

jack on it for me? Go on . . . I don't mind. I love havin' someone work a good hand on the old tool. It was me you were callin' out to, wasn't it?"

Jon quickly took a fistful of the hot fuck meat. He was just too excited to be embarrassed at what Paul had heard. He ran his other hand over Paul's muscular thigh. Paul moaned and humped forward. Jon moved his hands even faster. Paul grabbed him by the head and forced the boy's lips down, touching his prick.

"SUCK IT! SUCK MY COCK . . . you know you want to. . . ."

Paul pulled the boy up to him, ran a deep kiss in his open mouth,

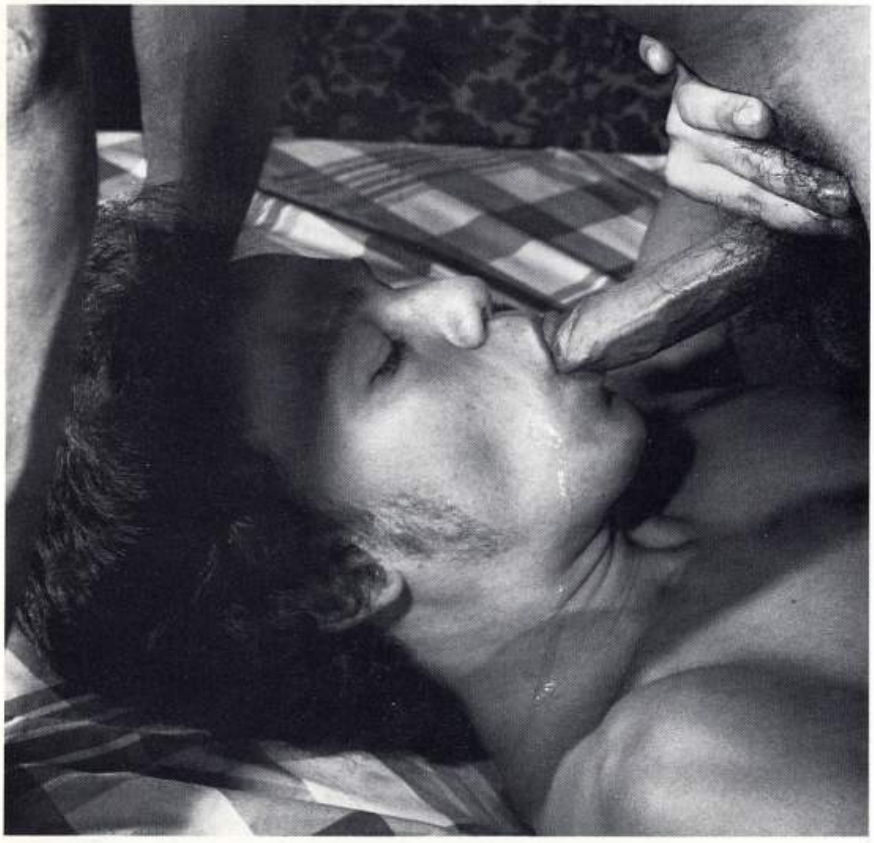
possible. Jon began tenderly fondling Paul's chest with his lips, stopping to nibble on one of his hard nipples. He slid back down to the huge stiff cock and was soon back to his hot-mouthed work on it. Paul swung around, so he could work on Jon at the same time.

Jon's face was right in Paul's brown pucker hole. He let his tongue slide up the rigid cum vein and rammed it deep in the hot moist asshole. He'd found Paul's weak spot. Paul groaned and rammed his hips back to accept that wild tongueing.

"RIM ME . . . D O I T!! Suck my ass clean, man . . . I L O V E I T!! Suckmyass . . . sucksucksuck . . . MORE . . . USE YOUR C O C K! Ram it ALL THE WAY IN! Fuck me . . . F U C K M E!!"

Jon pulled himself up on Paul's back. But there just wasn't room on the narrow couch. They fell on the floor. Jon gasped at Paul to help him. They quickly folded the couch out, converting it into a bed. Jon fell back over it, pulling Paul with him. He pushed the dark, handsome guy to his knees, mounted him and shoved his aching cock deep into the young, open, willing asshole. He almost went off on the first stroke. He pushed all the way in, holding very still so his quivering cock wouldn't explode.

Paul let Jon's trembling subside, then quickly traded places with



him. A few strokes were all Jon could take. Paul was trying to excite him even more by fucking him but Jon was crying out. The pain was just more than he could endure. He'd never really enjoyed getting fucked. The only reason he hadn't stopped Paul was that he wanted to please him. Finally, he just couldn't take it and pleaded with the husky maintenance man to stop. Paul withdrew and Jon rolled over and took the big hard cock in his fist to pull it up to his face. He didn't realize that Paul was so close to cumming. Paul was holding his dick in an iron grip to hold off his impending cum explosion. Jon ran his tongue up under the hot boy's balls. That was it for Paul. He grunted, humped forward and shot a huge hot load out over Jon's face.

That hot cum dripping down his face really caused Jon's nuts to crack. He grabbed Paul by the shoulders and pressed him backwards, trying to lodge his ready hard prick back in the tight, hot asshole, while jutting his hips forward to meet those butt cheeks. It was too late. His cock rammed against the firm, muscular ass and blasted its load all over Paul's cheeks and back.

It took a long time for them to recover their senses. Jon asked if anyone would miss him from work. Paul told him that he needn't worry, he'd tell them that the switch took a long time. As they headed in to the bathroom to clean up, Jon tossed the fuck book into the trash basket. Paul looked at him strangely, then asked why he'd done that. Jon smiled, before reaching out and stroking Paul's big cock.

"I don't need pictures. I have the real thing. Anytime I want it all I have to do is just break something in my apartment and call maintenance. You can bet your ass I'm sure going to learn to break things!"